

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Spring Hats---Advance Styles Just Received From Paris

Five Fascinating Models from the Most Famous Milliners of the French Capital



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 4.

No. 5.

Women seem at last to realize that in the small chapeau they may not find all the qualities of beauty that existed in the flaring Gainsborough, and that this beauty is obtained with no sacrifice of utility. The small hat frames the face, brings out the coquetry and charm and piquant beauty of the feminine features, and remains where it is placed as no large hat could ever be depended upon to do. The small hat wins masculine approbation and admiration as no towering structure or extensive pancake could ever do. All this has milady learned, and so the chapeau chic for the new season is also the chapeau petite.

We are showing you today a collection of early spring models from the best French milliners. All are small, all are daintily, bewitchingly becoming, and all sound the distinctive note of the new season. Behold, first of all, beginning from left to right, this little sailor shape of English straw in brick color. It is high crowned and bears a narrow brim. Its sole trimming is of moire ribbon, forming two choux. These choux are arranged on either side of the crown and are bridged by a soft band of the ribbon.

No. 2 is a small hat of azalea colored silk straw, that owes its simple and charming lines to the oddly narrow brim slightly

upturned on the left side. A wide moire ribbon of the same color encircles and covers the crown and is quaintly knotted on the left side, where it forms a flaring bow with fringed ends.

The baryard has its innings in No. 3, a small, comb-shaped hat of silk straw that is built on chanticleer lines in peacock blue straw. The only trimming is on the left side, where the straw flaring in its greatest extreme of line. This ornament is a little flaring wing of wheat and pampas in lemon and peacock blue tones.

No. 4 is a little model illustrating one of the newest shapes in hatdom. It is an all-crown, no-brim vivandiere hat of Tote de Negre peau de soie, all of which sounds far more impressive

than to call it a dark brown satin hat. It is worn low on the right ear and trimmed on the right side only with a tiny fantasy of heron feathers. For the dark-eyed exotic type of woman this will be found most effective.

The brim that sweeps abruptly up at one side and descends as sharply at the other is always in favor with Parisian milliners. And, moreover, it is universally becoming.

This small shape of steel-blue tagal (No. 5) illustrates this fashion simply and well. It is trimmed in Scotch plaid ribbon in blue, white green and red. This is bowed high on the left in sigratte fashion and is caught to the crown by a knot.—OLIVETTE.

THE DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN MONTE CRISTO

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Phillip Anson is a boy of 15, of fine education and good breeding, but an orphan and miserably poor.

The story opens with the death of his mother.

Rich relatives have deserted the family in their hour of need, and when his mother's death comes Phillip is in despair. He looks over his mother's letters and finds that he is related to Sir Philip Morland. A few days later a terrific thunderstorm brews over London. At the height of the storm a flash of lightning scares a team attached to a coach standing in front of a West End mansion. Phillip, who has become a newsboy, rescues a girl from the carriage just before it turns over. A man with the girl trips over Phillip in his excitement. He cuffs the boy and calls a policeman. The girl pleads for Phillip and he is allowed to go, after learning that the man was Lord Vanstone. Phillip then determines to commit suicide. He borrows a piece of rope from O'Brien, a ship chandler, and goes to his miserable dwelling in Johnson's Mews.

Just as he is about to hang himself a meteor flashes by the window and crashes into the flagstones in the yard. The boy takes this as a sign from heaven not to kill himself. He then goes to the yard to look at the meteor. Phillip picks up several curious-looking bits of the meteor and shows them to O'Brien. The latter advises him to take them to a jeweller. He visits a Mr. Wilson, who tells him that the pieces are meteoric diamonds, worth an immense fortune. Wilson sends him to a diamond dealer named Isaacstein. Phillip is hungry, but has no money, and on his way to the dealer's



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IN THE INTERVALS OF BUSINESS, KEPT PEERING AT HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW. PHILIP ATE STEADILY, AND THE BILL AMOUNTED TO NINEPENCE, WHICH HIS ALLY PAID CHEERFULLY.

thinks how hard it is that he, with all these diamonds in his pocket, cannot even buy a meal.

portly and greasy man, with a bald head and side whiskers, was standing at the door exchanging views as to business with his next door neighbor, a green grocer. Phillip, bold in the knowledge of his wealth, resolved to try who he could achieve on credit.

above these considerations, and he backed up his request by a pleasant smile. The fat man grew apoplectic and turned his eyes to the sky.

Now Read On

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At that instant a savory smell was wafted to him. He was passing a restaurant where sausages and onions sizzled gratefully in large, tin trays, and pork chops lay in inviting prodigality amid rich, brown gravy. The proprietor, a

"Well, I'm"—he spluttered. The green grocer laughed, and Phillip blushed.

"Do you refuse?" he said, with his downright manner and direct stare.

"I have not got any money just now," he said to the restaurant keeper, "but I will gladly come back this afternoon and pay you double."

"Well, of all the cool cheek!" the stout person's feelings were too much for him. He could find no other words.

Neither man spoke at first. Phillip was always unconscious of the quaint discrepancy in his style of speech and his attire. He used to resent bitterly the astonishment exhibited by strangers, but today he was far removed

"You don't think I mean to swindle you, surely?" "Well, there! I never did!" But the green grocer intervened. "You're a sharp lad," he guffawed.

"D'ye want a job?" "No," was the short reply. "I want something to eat."

"Dash my buttons, an' you're a likely sort of kid to get it, too. In you go. I'll pay the bill. Lord lumme, it'll do me good to see you."

"Mr. Judd, are you mad?" demanded his neighbor, whose breath had returned to him.

"Not a bit of it. The bloomin' kid can't get through a bob's worth if he bursts himself. Ere, I'll bet you two bob 'e pays up."

"Thank you, sir. Won't you be pleased to 'ave, sir?"

Phillip's indignation at the restaurant keeper's sarcasm yielded to his wish to see him annihilated later in the day. Moreover, the sausages really smelt excellent, and he was now ravenous. He entered the shop, and gave his orders with a quiet dignity that astounded the proprietor and hugely delighted the green grocer, who, in the intervals of business, kept peering at him through the window. Phillip ate steadily, and the bill amounted to ninepence, which his ally paid cheerfully.

"The boy held out his hand. 'Thank you, Mr. Judd,' he said, frankly. 'I will return without fail, I will not insult you by offering more than the amount you have advanced for me, but some day I may be able to render you good service in repayment.'"

Then he walked off toward the viaduct steps, and Mr. Judd looked after him. "Talks like a little gentleman," he does. If my little Jimmie 'ad lived 'e would ha' bin just about this age. Lord lumme, I like that lad turns up again, an' not for the sake of the bloomin' ninepence neither. Tomatoes, mum? Yes'm. Fresh in this mornin'."

After crossing Holborn viaduct, Phillip stood for a little while gazing into the showroom of a motor agency. It was not that he was interested in Panhard or De Dion cars—then but little known to the general public in England—but rather that he wished to rehearse carefully the program to be followed, with Mr. Isaacstein. With a sagacity unlooked for in one of his years, he decided that the meteor should not be mentioned at all. Of course, the diamond merchant would instantly recognize the stone as a meteoric diamond and would demand its earthly pedigree.

Phillip resolved to adhere to the simple statement that it was his own property, and that any reasonable inquiry might be made in all quarters where meteoric diamonds were obtainable as to whether or not such a stone was missing. Meanwhile he would obtain from Mr. Isaacstein a receipt acknowledging its custody and a small advance of money, far below its real worth, leaving the completion of the transaction until a later date. The question of giving or withholding his address if it were asked for was a difficult one to settle offhand. Perhaps the course of events would permit him to keep Johnson's Mews altogether out of the record, and a more reputable habitation would be provided once he had the requisite funds.

Thinking he had successfully tackled all the problems that would demand solution, Phillip wasted no more time. He entered Hatton Garden, and had not gone past many of its dining houses until he saw a large brass plate, bearing the legend: "Isaacstein & Co., Diamond Merchants, Kimberley, Amsterdam and London."

He entered the office and was instantly confronted by a big-nosed youth, who surveyed him through a grille with an arched opening in it to admit letters and small parcels.

"Is Mr. Isaacstein in?" said Phillip. "Oh, yes," grinned the other. "Will you kindly tell him I wish to see him?"

"Oh, yes!" There was a joke lurking somewhere in the atmosphere, but the young Hebrew had not caught its drift yet. The gaunt and unkempt visitor was evidently hurrying the accent of such gentle people as came to the office on business.

Phillip waited a few seconds. The boy behind the grille filled in the interval by copying an address into the stamp book.

"Why do you not tell Mr. Isaacstein I am here?" he said at last.

"Oh, yes. You'll be funny, sir!" The other smirked over the hidden humor of the situation, and Phillip understood that if he would see the great man of the firm he must adopt a more emphatic tone.

"I had better warn you that Mr. Wilson of Messrs. Grant & Sons, Ludgate Hill, sent me here to see Mr. Isaacstein. Am I to go back to Mr. Wilson and say that the office boy refuses to admit me?"

There was a sting in the description, coming from such a speaker.

"Look 'ere," was the angry retort. "Go away and blay, vil you! I'm busy."

Phillip reached quickly through the little arch, snatched a handful of shirt, tie and waistcoat and dragged the big nose and thick lips violently against the wires of the grille.

"Will you do what I ask, or shall I try and pull you through?" he said, quietly.

But the boy's ready yell brought two clerks running, and a door was thrown open. Phil released his opponent and instantly explained his action. One of the clerks, an elderly man, looked a little deeper than the boy's ragged garments, and the mention of Mr. Wilson's name procured him a hearing. Moreover, he had previous experience of the youthful janitor's methods.

With a cuff on the ear, this injured personage was bidden to go upstairs and before him in a spacious apartment, filled with glass cases and tables, at which several assistants were seated.

"What the deuce?" he began, but checked himself. "What does Mr. Wilson want?" he went on. Evidently his Ludgate Hill acquaintance was useful to Phillip.

"He wants nothing, sir," said Phillip. "He sent me to you on a matter of business. It is a private nature. Can you give me a few minutes alone?"

Isaacstein was a big-headed, big-shouldered man, tapering to a small point at his feet. He looked absurdly like a top, and surprise or emotion of any sort caused him to sway gently. He eyed now, and every clerk looked up, expecting him to fall bodily onto the unchin with the refined utterance who had dared to penetrate into the potentate's office with such a request.

Kimberley, Amsterdam and London combined to lend effect to Isaacstein's wit when he said: "Is this a joke?"

All the clerks guffawed in chorus. Fortunately, Isaacstein was in a good humor. He had just purchased a pearl for 250 pounds, which he would sell to Lady Somebody for 800 pounds, to match another in an earring.

"It appears to be," said Phillip, when the merriment subsided.

For some reason the boy's grave, earnest eyes conquered the big little man's amused scrutiny.

"Now, boy, be quick. What is it?" he said testily, and every clerk bent to his task.

"I have told you, sir. I wish to have a few minutes' conversation with you with regard to business of an important nature."

"You say Mr. Wilson sent you—Mr. Wilson of Grant & Sons?"

"Yes, sir."

Isaacstein yielded to amazed curiosity. "Step in here," he said, and led the way to his private office; surprising himself as well as his assistants by this concession.

Phillip closed the door and Isaacstein turned sharply at the sound, but the boy

gave him no time to frame a question. "I want you to buy this," he said, handing over the diamond.

Isaacstein took it, and gave it one critical glance. He began to wobble again: "Do you mean to say Mr. Wilson sent you to dispose of this stone to me?" he demanded.

"Not exactly, sir. I showed it to him, and he recommended me to come to you."

TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.

Astrological Foolishness

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN

Q.—"Will you please answer these questions: 'On what day will Jupiter enter, and how long will the planet be in the seventh house?' 'Have the positions of the stars at the time of a marriage any real influence for or against the happiness of the contracting parties?'"

A.—How can such questions be asked here in the twentieth century? There is no such thing as a "house" for the planet Jupiter or any other planet to enter. Astrological "houses" in space are inventions of distorted imaginations, made many thousands of years ago, ages before one law of nature had been discovered. Once the laws of nature were discovered and the laws of mathematics to interpret them as on rock-hewn foundation, the whole gigantic fabric of astrology tumbled to a final fall.

Stars are white-hot suns, many far larger than our own modest star, the sun.

The nearest star sun to our own is 25,000,000,000 miles away, and the second neighbor our sun has is 51,000,000,000 miles in cosmic space. All others are far and away more distant. How can these affect a marriage ceremony?

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